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JOE'S LOG.

THE STORY OF A CANOE TRIP
ON LAKE SEBAGO, MAINE



SEPTEMBER, 1900

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SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1900, Joseph W. Smith, Jr., of Andover, Mass., and his friend and classmate, Norman Reoch of Riverpoint, R. I., started on a canoe trip on Sebago Lake.

During the severe wind storm of September 12th, the canoe was overturned and Joseph W. Smith, Jr., was drowned.

The following log written by him was recovered among his effects from the bottom of the lake.

The illustrations opposite pages 25 and 40 are from films made during the trip and found with the log.

Joe's Log.

September 3rd, 1900.—Now the time has come around for the great trip and much talked of canoeing cruise of 1900. This outing has been thought over and talked about until it seemed as if we had already been on it and were telling of our experiences instead of our future joys, so vivid did the things of interest stand out.

The original trip was first *chewed over* by my friend, Wm. Drinkwater, and myself early in the spring of 1900. We dreamed and dreamed over it, and almost decided that were we in the land of the living by summer time, we would certainly make a trip to Sebago Lake, Maine. Later on, his brother Arthur and my room-mate, Norman G. Reoch, were let into the secret and all three of them were very enthusiastic to accompany me on our much talked of cruise. Things took a

turn, however, and the Drinkwaters were unable to go, thus leaving Reoch and myself to do what we wished, go or not. We thought we ought to go, regretting the absence of the other two intensely.

We met, accordingly, at Portland on the 3rd of September, hurried up town and bought enough provisions to supply us for a while at least. The alarming bill of \$8.25 was presented us. We also got some fishing tackle for perch, pickerel, bass, trout, and perhaps salmon. All being ready, we, on arriving at the station, found to our dismay that the next train for Sebago Lake didn't leave till 5.50 P. M. That meant a wait of over four hours, which we managed to *kill* though by eating, and calling, and I had a professional visit with a schoolmate of mine at the Dental School, Dr. Carleton Leighton. At 5.50 P. M., carrying two dress suit cases, some bundles, a large cooky box for food and Reoch's gun, we were a motley crew I assure you. We rode about seventeen miles in the train to Sebago Lake station, and what a beautiful stretch of country it was too. Rolling

country, with here and there a glimpse of the Presumscutt River.

We got to Sebago about 6.30 and had a little trouble getting the things together, as we didn't like to leave them on account of the usual Labor Day tough crowd that frequents these places. Before long, however, we managed to get a truck and wheel the canoe to the rest of our camping equipment. Here is a rough idea of what we carried in our canoe. Lashed under the forward seat is the canvas bag that contains several things, such as tent, stakes, marine glasses, camera, frying pan, sou'-westers, mackintosh, etc., while fastened to the thwarts are tent poles, paddles, flags, part of portable gig for carries, wheels for gig, axle, etc. Then a kerosene bottle lashed on the other seat, and one filled with molasses is lashed underneath. A large coffee can is also under the seat to contain buckwheat. Two dress suit cases find room anywhere, while a large cooky box, filled with cans and dishes, is placed forward of the after-thwart. Two large firkins, about a foot deep and a foot in diameter, are packed

away likewise. These things, besides the sheet iron for the stove and the corresponding irons for the stove, comprise most of our fit-out. I must not forget the shot gun, as that is a most important article of comfort as well as pleasure. Having stowed these away, we shoved off from the beach at Sebago and were off for we knew not where. A big thunder-storm was rapidly making its way along over the horizon and we hastened lest it should overtake us in unknown waters before camp should be made and the tent nicely houseing all over our effects.

A more beautiful stretch of water I have never seen. As the lightning flashed, we could see how far this arm of the lake reached and what a fine place it was for boating and fishing. It was so dark that we could see each other dimly, and we headed right out into the middle toward an island, thickly wooded, which looked wild and a good place for our night's rest. It seemed near, but distances are deceptive on the water, and we paddled on some time before we saw we were on the gaining side of

the stretch between it and the Sebago station.

As we skipped along, Norman in the stern and myself in the bow, we could truly say that Whittier's "Funeral Tree of the Sokokis" was no mistake, and that that night with the moon shining down on us and a gentle breeze blowing us along came as near to idealizing the old Indian times as anything could. I will repeat the Tree here as it seems very appropriate:

"Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looked o'er with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky."

We paddled on for at least a mile when the rocks surrounding the island hove in sight. We skirted the shore and later I got out and scrambled and jumped from boulder to boulder seeking a landing and soft ground to plant our settlement

on. Not an inch of earth anywhere near the water's edge to drive stakes in, so we, *i. e.*, myself doing the longshoreman's job and Norman paddling, sought other grounds. We very nearly circumnavigated the island, which we thought was Fry's Island, but later found by consulting the map to be Indian. After rounding a curve we came to a rather picturesque cove which we tried and found to be very good for landing at. We, accordingly, ran up on the beach and scrambled the things out as soon as possible.

We landed on a sandy beach which made it nicer than we expected to find. A large flat inclined rock would serve as a table, seat, and any other article of furniture desired. A little clearing fifty feet from the beach was picked up a bit and the tent firmly staked down. We intended to spend several days here so we did everything carefully. Next, rubber blankets were laid on the floor and boxes and bags hauled up and stowed away for the night. A cold supper was the only thing in sight, so we judiciously opened a can of chicken and made a drink of lime

juice. Bread we were unable to get in Portland it being Labor Day. A fine can of chicken it was too, and how good it seemed after a hard day's work in the city making preparations.

The night was exceedingly warm and we took a comforter out of the bag and laid it down to lie on. Over this two blankets proved sufficient covering for such a warm night. The lantern hung on a crossbeam in the tent overhead and was blown out, we supposed, on retiring, but later Norman was up and declared it had been burning for an hour or more. So, at about one o'clock, safely landed in "Bog Harbor" and under our blankets, we turned over and thought of squirrels falling from the trees above us and bass and trout pulling us through the lake at breakneck speed till sleep overtook us.

September 4th.— We awoke early but lay dosing till seven. We then undressed, (which didn't take long under our present condition), and jumped into the lake for our morning swim. Oh! what water, warm but refreshing, and water you had no fears about swallowing either! We

staid in about half an hour and then came out and dressed. We built a stove of rocks and placed over it our tin cover. Potatoes, bacon and eggs *a la Indian Island*, and cocoa *a la lac de Sebago*, were prepared and eaten with the greatest relish by "every one" of our crew. The ensign and the "Crociones," private signal, we raised above a stump and showed that the inmates of "Bog Harbor" camp were of nautical consistency. After breakfast the dishes were washed and sanded down, and boxes and bags opened to be filled and refilled. The cooky box was packed with articles to be on hand, while the numerous packages gotten in Portland were stowed away in jars and bottles.

The breeze blew up strong toward nine and was still blowing at eleven-fifty from the northwest. Our camp has an outward look toward Mt. Washington and dozens of others which we can see plainly through the glasses. The steamer "Hawthorn" has passed several times on its way from Sebago to Songo River and returning. It didn't come near enough for us to salute it. A strange looking craft with

two sails, wing and wing, passed, loaded with lumber and flying the stars and stripes at its peak.

Norman took his gun later and started on a trip around the island for game, if he should see any, while I have plenty to occupy me at the camp. The wind has really kicked up quite a sea and the breakers make as much noise as on the shore of the ocean with a good wind. They splash and throw spray for a long distance over the rocks.

One thing I have noticed here in camp, we haven't seen *one* single (or double either) mosquito. Last night, it is true, that half a dozen daddy long legs came in to say good-night, but no stingers of any kind. Bugs have made their appearances, but I can stand anything that walks but cannot tolerate animals that walk and fly too and torment the life out of you. However, if they come we will welcome them with smoke, camphor and (shot-guns) ?

While waiting for Norman to return, I set about making a sail for the canoe so that we might do some sailing when in

camp with an empty canoe. I cut two slight fir trees and using one for a mast and the other for a yard slung them together with cord. Then I set the mast into the forward seat and made the top of the mast fast to the bow and stern thwart. After two sheet-ropes were also bound on she was ready for the sail, which was one of the bag coverings, about 6 x 6 feet.

With this square rig I met Norman on his return. He was surprised and very glad to see the work done and we directly set about launching her into the water. We thought we would paddle up into the wind half a mile or so and then setting the sail troll on our way back to camp under full sail. We started out and what a chop had been blown up by the breeze from the northwest, too! We caught no fish, but had a "corking" old sail back, fairly zibbing through the water. We caught up to one crowd in a small cat boat and then as we couldn't beat to windward without a leeboard, took down the sail and started on a paddling trip around the island, which is quite large. We landed on a beach on the mainland, admir-

ing the scenery. After this, we completely circumnavigated Indian Island and landed at "Bog Harbor" camp without much of interest.

Now came a cold luncheon of cake a la chocolate, preserved pineapple a la flip, sardines a la Herring Gut, water a la Sebago, lime juice Maître d'hotel. We succumbed to absolute laziness and sleepiness after it. But we decided to be somewhat energetic and manned the canoe with sail set and colors flying for a little sailing trip out in the lake. We had a fine sail, and after calling at camp for a milk can set sail for Sebago Lake, a distance of a mile and a half away. How we flew! Being flat-bottomed and light, we fairly hustled over the water like a bird. It was no time from the time we left camp till we got to Sebago. Norman steered while I tended sheets and held a paddle over the lee rail as a leeboard. We drew up at Sebago and did some errands there, buying baking powder, flour, milk, coffee, bread, screws, fish hooks. We also mailed some postals home.

On returning, we found we were to have

more excitement than at any time so far on the cruise. The wind had increased to a gale almost and, as we headed out into the lake, it didn't seem as if we could make it without shipping an uncomfortable lot of water. But we struggled on. If only the wind would change and favor us, then we could set sail and never mind the wet. But we took wave after wave, some breaking right over our bow and throwing water over me till I hadn't an inch below my knees that was dry. Every twentieth wave about was a soaker and we had to slow up so as to take it partly side on, partly bow on.

We arrived at camp without anything happening more serious than a canoe with water a couple of inches in it and the sail and our feet drenched. Darkness had set in and a little trouble about getting supper was experienced. We managed to get a fire started and put on a pot of water for cocoa and a can of baked beans, I mixed up some buckwheat in the dark, and after working hard in the dark got some pretty good cakes out of the bargain. Our meal was comprised of cocoa, beans,

buckwheat cakes, and pineapple. After picking up somewhat, we got some boughs for our beds, and after talking a while and doing one thing and another in the tent, blew out the candle and were fast asleep in our respective places.

September 5th.—After a very good night, warm, but not so warm as the night before, we rose very late, about 9 o'clock, and waited a while before our morning dip, looking out of the tent at the lake which was as smooth now as could be. How quickly a chop will come up on the fresh water lakes and how soon it will go down, too. Norman went out with the gun to scare a lot of crows that were doing their best to wake us up, and while he was out on one of his hunting tramps he saw a large bird, which he thought to be a hawk, on a dead tree a hundred yards away. It flew over him and he fired. It fluttered a moment as if struck and then flew swiftly away. It must have been an eagle, as it was at least four feet from wing to wing.

After our morning dip we got breakfast. We tried a new dish — corn meal

griddle cakes, which tasted novel and certainly were very filling. Coffee, the first we had tasted since leaving Portland, was also indulged in, with condensed milk. This made up our meal. After washing up we lay, having eaten rather heavily, in the tent listening to the breeze that blew through the trees. Our plans today are, a sail to Sebago, rigging up the canoe newly, making a fish weir in which to catch some minnows for live bait, etc.

After loafing around awhile, Norman decided to take a little cruise across the lake in front of "Bog Harbor" and left me to myself an hour or more. While he was gone, I thought of a plan whereby I might catch some small minnows that were swimming by in schools for pickerel bait. So I tore off a piece of one of the round provision casks and made it fast to a long fir pole I cut for that purpose, thus making a loop with a handle on it. Then I took a piece of mosquito netting I had and made a net out of it. After damming up a bit of the lake near by and leaving a hole for the fish to run through, I placed the net on the bottom and covered it with

sand. I got several minnows, or "minnies," and used them for bait but to no use, they proving too small.

When my camp-mate returned, he took another little outing while I began to cut pieces of trees for our new sail rig. We got a good fir spar for a mast and two thin and exceedingly springy pieces of ash to serve as yards on the mast. Then we hung one yard on the top and another, loosely, six inches say, above the canoe. On the ends of both cross pieces we made fast the corners of our square sail and fastened sheets to both lower ends. The sail could now be raised or lowered as desired.

We decided to take a little trip to Sebago as soon as the outfit was fixed, and so, Norman in the stern and myself forward of him tending sheets and holding the extra paddle as a leeboard, we pushed off from the sand beach, and hauling the sheets taut headed up the lake. A strong breeze was blowing and heeled the canoe over a good bit. All of a sudden Norman cried, "Look at the mast!" I looked, and lo and behold,

the wind blew so strongly that it was bent over so much that we knew it would go in a moment. Before we could do anything over she went, and I sprang forward with the hatchet, which I had lashed to the side previous to coming out, and cut away the wreck. Hauling the whole business into the canoe, and in a good rocking sea, I managed to stow everything of it away safely, and waiting my chance jumped over my seat and started paddling for Sebago. The breeze continued and we worked hard at our paddles for an hour, I should judge, against a mighty tough and choppy sea. I got pretty wet around my legs, but that didn't *fase* me at all. Norman said, "Well, we must have been going at a forty knot clip when we carried away our mast," and I told him I thought there were more knots in the main sheet than any where else.

At Sebago we got a quart and a half of milk and had a long chat with a farmer about fishing. We couldn't seem to break away, but at last said, "Well, thanks, we'll have to try fishing I guess

tomorrow. Good-night." When we got in again and started for our island home, we had to readjust the mast which had been broken off, but we gained by so doing as we got a good breeze before we were far away from the beach. The sail helped us like anything, and we lay, at least I did, on the floor tending sheets and reclining against a paddle. We made a tack at "Bog Harbor" point and made as fine a landing as any sail boat would.

It was already dark, but we easily had some fine consommé, hot coffee, bread and butter and jam, stowed away inside of us before long. With a big log fire in front of us we ate and sang till it was time to clear up for the night. Everything was carefully made snug as the sky looked as if we might get rain before another twenty-four hours. We packed all the cooking outfit in a pile and covered it up with a bag cloth. Snugly fixed, we closed the tent and wound ourselves up in our blankets and slept the sleep of the just. Before we retired Norman thought he saw two eyes looking at him, but found

them on examination to be nothing more than a can of milk we had hung up in the wind to cool it off.

September 5th.—We got out of the tent very late again, this morning at 9.30, and immediately jumped into the lake. After a delicious and cooling bath we started a fire and put on the coffee pot and frying pan full of corn beef for hash. While this was cooking we ate grape nuts (hen feed), with fresh milk. The breakfast all round was a success and we felt better after our meal.

Today was even more exciting than the previous ones, for we braved the winds and waves and put out to sea in fine style. The breeze had increased to a howling southwesterly gale and blew the waves into "Bog Harbor" with tremendous force, rising to a height of three feet easily. We put on bathing suits as we thought a mishap might occur and started out with sail tied up ready to let loose. As we ran across the little cove the wind was too strong for us, and being unable to steer the craft we had to beach her. Then getting out and wading waist deep

we managed to haul her around for a while and had nearly cleared "Catastrophe Point" when all of a sudden, no one knows how, a wave struck the canoe and over she went filling and throwing us helter skelter through the foam. We got up and hastily tried to right her in the water. After ten or fifteen minutes of hard work, we dumped the water out and got in again, this time to sail out of the harbor on a little cruise around Indian Island.

The mast, besides having a main stay and stay made fast to the after thwart, was steadied by shrouds we had managed to rig up, and everything remained firm when we capsized. We tied up the sail till we were clear of "Catastrophe Point," and then standing up in the canoe and almost tipping it over, I undid the square sail and how we flew. Really we *did* leap, and it was no time till we were leaving the Point far behind and flying over the waves around the Island. When we got around a little farther, to "Whale Rocks" we called them, the lake was so rough that to turn back now

was out of the question and we therefore ran for a sandy beach about a quarter of a mile to leeward of Indian Island. Here we sailed in through the boulders and beached the canoe, and jumping out we dragged her high out of the water.

We remained for awhile exploring the country, and then tying up the sail to the yards pushed her off and paddled for dear life toward the eastern shore of our island. We passed this shore and followed around the southern and western shores till we came to camp. Here, just as we were rounding the balanced rock that marked the entrance of "Bog Harbor," I thought I would jump and have a swim, so when we were some thirty feet from shore I leaped in, and not quite clearing the gunwhale over the whole business went. I swam ashore and got my kodak and photographed Norman in the act of righting the canoe in about eight feet of water. After this, we hauled her ashore with a painter and emptied her. Later on, I took a stroll over the island in quest of fish, but got none. I, however, found a ledge of about the hand-



JOE

somest white snowy quartz rock I ever laid eyes on.

We lay around for the greater part of the afternoon, omitting dinner as we had a late breakfast. Toward 4.30 we shoved off for Sebago, where we were to do some errands. We paddled out into the lake half a mile and then hoisting our sail steered for the village. The wind blew strongly but we couldn't seem to head her up enough and so, after we had gone about three-fourths of the way, took down the sail, and after many poor and dangerous attempts at getting around the mast succeeded, and cramped to such a degree as to be on the ragged edge of nothing, began a hard and wet paddle to Sebago. We got there in due season though and went to the Post Office first. There I got a letter from the Commodore and four films, which was all that had kept us waiting in "Bog Harbor" camp. Tomorrow, if the weather permits, we will break camp and steer for Frye's Island and Hawthorn Cave, etc.

I got some corn and apples of a farmer and also a drink of water at a farmhouse

near by. We sailed all the way back and landed safely. A fire was soon cooking chicken soup, cocoa, eggs and bacon, roasted fresh green corn, bread with jam and marmalade, and apples to wind up with. Do you call that exactly starving? Well not exactly, I should say! We had built a covering over the stove during the afternoon as we feared a southerly storm might interfere with cooking, but no such storm came.

The steamer "Hawthorn" which had always overlooked our salutations, today blew her whistle for fair when I ran out to "Balanced Rock" and signalled with the ensign.

An accident occurred at supper—the upsetting of the salt jar, by myself. This difficulty we got over by emptying the lower contents into an empty tin can we had handy. After supper we had music from Norman's flute on the Point and then turned into the tent to do some writing. When we got settled, a steam launch hove in sight and we fired a salute. The party, composed of four or five men, came ashore and we showed them around.

One owned the island, and then said "as they saw a fire came to see what was up, because campers weren't allowed on the island." But they said it was all right if we were careful of our fire and told us we were welcome to the place. It seemed that a deer had been seen on the island the year before, and flocks of birds were frequent visitors.

September 8th.—Arose rather early this morning having enjoyed a peaceful slumber, excepting I dreamed a cat had been clawing me all night. The same gang of crows began their early morning revelry on a tree near the tent and didn't subside until Norman went out and shot a large one, the feathers of which we used to trim our felt hats with. We then turned in again and slept awhile. I rose quietly later, and leaving my mate slumbering on the boughs, washed the dishes and started the fire. Having no fresh milk, grape nuts had to be *cut out* of our menu this morning. I mixed up the flour for the buckwheat cakes and soon had a *big mess* waiting for my companion when he should awake. Later he came

down and we ate of coffee and wheat cakes until satisfied.

We decided to move today just as soon as the strong wind should slacken enough to keep us fairly dry paddling. We took a little cruise around the southern end of the island to see how rough it really was off "Whale Rocks." What a place met our gaze! The waves were breaking in earnest and resembled the ocean more than ever before. Some rose to four feet without any exaggeration. Being light we rode them beautifully, but had hard work some times to keep from capsizing.

We decided to return and break camp and wait until favorable weather should come; but after we had stowed everything in the Naulaka again, things looked about as bad as ever. Mt. Washington and the rest of the Presidential Range stood out against the sky very plainly, although a mist partly obscured the view. Down came the tent, bags were filled and carried down to the sand beach, boxes filled to overflowing, and things looked like moving surely. Our sail we stowed away with fish net, poles, paddle, gun, etc.

Everything was now nicely packed away, and we paid particular attention to place as much of the heft as far aft as possible so that the water would not come near the bow as it otherwise would. Good-bye to "Bog Harbor" and the first camp. It had seemed like a home to both of us, as each evening on returning to our meal we would stretch out on the sloping rock in front of the fire and wait for supper, looking across that end of the lake at the mountains beyond.

We left "Balanced Rock" and rounded "Southwest Point" and were not long in swinging around the lee side of the island, when all of a sudden we struck rough water at "Whale Rocks." We kept at an angle with the wind and rode most of the rollers successfully, but no matter how careful we were, now and then an old *soaker* would come over the bow and after wetting my feet and legs, swish back and come over the rail amidships. We paddled across to a sheltered point that was handy in case of the emergency of beaching her and struggled on from point to point, keeping several yards from shore.

After two miles or there about, we struck into deeper water and keeping some distance from land made for a small island just visible between Raymond Neck and the other side of Jordon's Bay. We were now about two miles from the windward shore and about three from Raymond Neck and Frye Island, while Indian Island was so far astern that we couldn't even see the rocks that lined the shores. We both were pretty thirsty, and taking our dippers scooped up the lake water until satisfied. The wind had completely gone down and we lay as still as could be. We could see Frye Island off the port and Raymond Neck off the starboard, and thought it as well to cross Jordon's Bay here as elsewhere. So we soon were drawing near to Frye's Leap and the famous Images.

As we were coming up to the Neck, we hailed a man in a boat and inquired about the fishing. He told us there was bass fishing along the shore in about ten to fifteen feet of water, so we threw over a line and started trolling. Just as we were rounding a point and were conversing

with a man, Norman got a bite, and in a few seconds had a fine large bass in the canoe that would weigh two pounds. This was our first fish and we began fishing for more. We returned over the same ground, getting only another but smaller bass this time.

We now headed for the celebrated Images, Hawthorne Cave, Frye's Leap and the Indian Pulpit. The rock, or rocks, full seventy feet high, suddenly loomed up ahead and it was a grand sight standing out against the clear blue sky and overlooking the low and thickly wooded beaches of Lake Sebago. It made me think of Gibraltar a great deal. We first visited the Hawthorne Cave, a hole in a rock, even with the lake about five feet square and running in twenty-five feet. It connected with the outside world by an opening large enough for a man to crawl up out of. We paddled into this and climbed up through the same hole Hawthorne used to climb, and were admiring the scenery when, as we looked down thirty or forty feet, we saw the ensign of the canoe. It began to

come out slowly and presently was floating out into the lake. Remembering that we hadn't made it fast, we scrambled down the hole and I jumped in from an overhanging ledge and saved a delightful swim we otherwise would have had. We visited another "hole in the wall," and photographed both places. After paddling around alone I landed, and both of us climbed up the rugged cliffs and made our way to the Leap. Every few yards you see the pictures of Indians and images of the chase, drawn and painted on the sides, said to have been done by the Indians and retouched. They were certainly very picturesque and I photographed one squaw that particularly took my eye. Going down a different way, we clambered in and took our respective places at the paddles.

Hawthorne Cave interested me very much; much more now that we had paddled clear in with our Naulaka. The following is said concerning this little natural wonder: "Here, too, is Indian Pulpit and the Hawthorne Cave which possesses a peculiar interest from the fact that it was

a favorite boyhood haunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is a square aperture, four by six, in the solid rock, into which the great novelist was wont to sail his tiny fishing boat, which he could do to the distance of twenty-five feet and then clamber through a passage to the outside world."

Frye Island and the Images past, we started around the point into the larger part of the great lake. I must not forget the Indian Pulpit, a square block of rock rising thirty feet or more into the air, or the famous Frye Leap, a height from which Capt. Frye, a white man pursued by red men, jumped seventy feet into the lake below and swam half a mile to the island that bears his name still.

It was about three o'clock and very nearly time to eat, we thought, having paddled since eleven in the morning. So on coming upon a beautiful sandy beach we ran ashore, and collecting several rocks we placed the iron stove top on and heated some chicken soup and cocoa. This, together with apples, made up our meal.

There was an old building near by that we took to be a farmhouse, and noticed several heads bobbing through one of the open windows. In a few minutes six or seven boys, all the way from six to fourteen, came bounding down to the beach like a lot of cattle let loose. It proved to be a "deestrict" school and they had just finished their afternoon session. They were very interesting, and on being asked whether they went to school tomorrow answered with apparent pride, "No! Funeral tomorrow, my Aunt, too!" While strolling on the beach I caught several frogs for supper, and we saw a large water snake and a young one swimming through the water. The three boys remaining went home happy when I gave them each a cent, but that didn't come up to the (s)cent the "spice pussys" gave us going up the Songo River.

We left the beach and headed directly across the lake to a bunch of houses barely distinguishable, which marked the outlet of this sluggish river. It was fully seven miles, and we struck out with renewed vigor determined to reach the

stream by sundown if possible. When about a couple of miles from shore, the breeze began to freshen from the north and northeast, and we began to ship considerable water over the bow and amidships. We tried to take the waves at an advantage, but it didn't matter much how we went, we still swished some in. At every half mile or so along our right shore little inlets made in, and we headed toward one of these which was about three miles away. The breeze still freshened, and we paddled with might to reach it. An old steam scow, four miles to leeward of us, was pumping through the water and heading for the Songo.

What a beautiful evening that was, indeed! In the west the sun was just setting over the mountains, while at our right the moon was lighting up for her all-night mission. The water began to quiet down and the sky was as clear as it could possibly be. Low beaches stretched out down to the lake's edge on every side, and beautiful points of lowland covered with thick foliage projected out enclosing little inlets.

As the wind had quieted down we again headed for a point about a mile from the Songo, and before a great while we were up to it. Skirting along its shore we came up to the mouth of the Songo River, a mere inlet and without visible current. A lot of stakes driven into the mud marked the channel for the steamers. The land was exceedingly low here and covered with old dead pine trees like "Bog Harbor" Point. There was a little village on the left shore, but seemed to be deserted — probably it was closed for the season.

We now started the Songo River trip, and a curious one it was. The river, as the crow flies, is about two or three miles long, but as there are twenty-seven turns it takes much longer to cover the ground. The old steam scow, that had been steaming ahead of us for about an hour, was now overtaken and we passed her easily. Now we drew near Songo Lock. We had to wait until the scow went through the first lock and then the gates were opened and we were allowed to enter. The water was let in and we

gradually rose to the required level. Then the upper gate was opened, and we paddled up the most beautiful part of the river. We paddled about a mile and had just turned a bend when we heard a heavy trampling in the underbrush on the right bank. The brush grew to the water's edge so we were unable to land to find out who our friend was. As we stopped paddling and remained motionless, we heard some heavy animal, probably a large deer, come down and lick up the water. We kept still, and then Norman saw a large animal get up and make away through the bushes. We started away feeling sure we had seen and heard a deer.

After a mile more of this kind of scenery we suddenly came into Brandy Pond, a stretch of water about three miles long and three-quarters wide. We kept in the middle for a while, and then camped on the right shore. We first built a big fire of bark peelings we found and placed the clothes, blankets, etc., that had gotten wet during our rough passage on Sebago, on the ground around the blaze. We

had supper of cocoa, buckwheat cakes, broiled *poisson à la Images*, fried *grenouille à la greese*. We sat up a long while drying ourselves and talking over the events of the day and then turned in. Previous to retiring we cut large armfuls of boughs for our beds.

September 8th.—This morning old Sol was up many hours before the two tired voyagers came to their senses. The hard paddling of the day before and the thick, damp mist we encountered on the Songo were good excuses for our laziness. Well, we bestirred ourselves about nine o'clock and started to fix things up a little, for we had expectations of remaining here several days, as Naples, with our letters, was only two miles distant. A grand "drying out" began as soon as we had made our abbreviated toilet. Blankets were hung out, tent aired, and dishes cleaned up. Later, Norman took the Naulaka and paddled across the lake to get some provisions. When he landed on the other side he had to walk about a mile to get his supplies. While on his way back he got a ride with a Bridgton

blacksmith "duded" up to beat the cars. He got all the information he wanted about the lakes, fish, towns, etc. He (the blacksmith) told him that if he went up to "his town" he would do all he could to help us have a good time. Norman managed to buy some cream-of-tartar biscuits and a quart and a half of milk, so we didn't fare badly at all. I waited ever so long for him, but when I learned what a long distance he had to go wasn't surprised at the delay.

The woods around this camp were quite thick indeed, and we had pitched our tent within ten feet of the stove, right on the bank of the water and shaded by two large pine trees. Our lookout was certainly delightful. We began our meal and sat around most of the afternoon. A young fellow came into our cove in a row boat and we had a chat with him. He was one of those funny characters you meet in these country parts. We were getting very thirsty for a drink of real cold water along toward four o'clock, and decided to take a paddle down the bank a quarter of a mile to a farmhouse. We

arrived there in due season, and knocked at the back door. An old woman, toothless, and apparently friendless like the dog "Rab" in one of Dr. Brown's stories, came running to the door, after opening and shutting two or three doors in various parts of the house. "Oh! there ye be," she said, "I couldn't quite make out where ye was a knocking!" She was an odd looking specimen, barefooted, and her hair topsy turvy. We inquired as to her egg crop, not "hen crop," and she said she might have a few. So out she ran to the barn, over the barn, under the barn, and behind the barn, and finally collected nine good eggs. She said her hens laid everywhere. We sharpened our bowie knives on her grindstone while she was collecting them. She didn't have any spare paper bags, so emptied her sugar into a cup and put them into that. We started away having been satisfied with some cool spring water.

After we got into camp, we rigged up our sail and set out for Naples, a town two miles distant. We had so much faith in the people of these wild districts that we



NORMAN

didn't think of theft. We flew through the water "like mad," and were a very short time in reaching a beach near the steam-boat landing. If this lake is called Brandy Pond, why shouldn't the little channel connecting this and Long Lake be named "Whiskey Strait?"

We got some things at the country store, and they told us there was no mail for us, but that the next one came at six o'clock. We asked if they had butter, bread and milk, and they told us that the baker came only once a week ; they had no butter, and that we could get milk at the blacksmith's. That seemed a queer place to obtain milk, but it happened that the brawny smith kept cows. I visited the Lake House, and inquired as to whether I could buy some bread, milk and butter there. They let me have a dozen biscuits, a quart and a half of milk and a half a pound of butter for a quarter. Not so very bad either. I met the sporty blacksmith Norman had encountered earlier in the day and he gave me the same cordial invitation about going to Bridgton. His brother kept the Lake

House and the landlady was very kind to us. We had ice creams and birch beer on a little porch down by the water's edge, and were waited on by a man the image of Wm. F. Cody. On calling again for the mail, we found it was late and had to wait half an hour or so.

A lot of odd people came in and out of the country store. One man had a black and white checked suit on, while a man outside had a coat with plaids as large as a paving stone. I told Norman he would be a good checkerboard if we could smuggle him off to camp. The typical country doctor was there of course, Dr. Fickett, and everyone was talking about the leading facts of the day. One said, "Wall, General Roberts has put for hum, and the Boers have got the British all killed off." Another old farmer scuffed along by me and drawled out, "The mail hain't stributed yet, ain't it?" Some one else, an admirer of the doctor, exclaims, "Yes, siree, he is a——good doctor, he is. He's got a mighty fine practice. He just sticks ter his biz, he does." Norman got two letters and I got one. Taking down

the mast we paddled to camp with a high southerly gale ahead of us. A good hot meal of cocoa, griddle cakes, biscuits, etc., followed. I sat up rather late, writing by the light of an enormous fire we had started.

September 9th.— Slept late this morning, and celebrated the Sabbath by shaving and brushing our hair, which we hadn't been guilty of doing for six days. We photographed each other in this cleanly condition. Reading, resting, and writing occupied us for some time. We saw a large duck out in the pond and started chase. We fired two shots, and then thinking there might be a Sunday law about shooting even in these wild parts, bolted for camp.

We economized today by having two meals. One, about three in the afternoon, gave us strength till supper, about eight at night. During the afternoon we staid in camp for the greater part of the time, making little sojourns and taking long walks. We caught a few frogs for our tomorrow's fishing. About six, we

visited the farmhouse and bought some milk.

Today we had an exciting swimming bee. Paddling out into the pond the canoe went over and we had to swim with her to shore, and it wasn't easy, filled with water. The Hawthorn or Louise passed us two or three times today, and we saluted with the colors and gun. After supper, as we were talking together, we heard a light trampling to our right in the thick woods. We listened, and getting into the canoe paddled around the point noiselessly. The noise continued but suddenly stopped and we were unable to discover what it was. There doesn't seem to be any reason why it wasn't a deer, as no smaller animal would tramp so heavily, or stop to listen as this one did.

September 10th.—This morning we were aroused at 7.30 by the young Proctor kid with some green corn, promised us the night before. We were very glad to get it and the boy was equally joyous on getting the dime I offered him. We fished awhile, and then broke camp and started for Bridgton at the head of Long

Lake, some twelve miles away. Our breakfast consisted of scrambled eggs principally, with grape nuts and coffee, bread being at a premium. When everything was stowed away, as on previous departures, we swung clear from shore and bade adieu to "Logger's Camp," a name derived from the fact that the ground was found covered with poplar bark peeled from the trees in the preparation of logs. A good time had been spent also in this, our second camp.

About two miles separated us from Naples which we covered in no time at all, scarcely. When we got to the Inn, we saw three men who had been out fishing and who had caught good-sized strings of perch and black bass. After we had paddled under a drawbridge we got out, and had birch beers "all round" and inquired for mail.

Naples left behind, we kept in the middle of Long Lake for a mile or so and then took a short route to the right. After rounding several points on the right, the Inn, some five miles distant, began to look like a dot among the trees.

The day was beautiful and warm, and the light and shade on the surrounding foliage something immense. Several thickly wooded isles gave the place a look of wild, romantic beauty. No being was in sight, and only one or two farmhouses miles away among the forests, were the only signs of human habitation.

Long Lake is a lonely stretch of water through a country filled with interest on every hand. About three miles wide in some places and all of ten miles long, it extends from Naples to Harrison at its extreme northern extremity. On rounding one point near shore, our two frogs which I had brought along for bait in the milk can set up such a plaintive croaking in the still air that we were bound to lend a helping hand and speedily opened the little prison and let them out. Away they swam, but one was so weak that we had to put him ashore and then proceeded on our way. It was a most amusing thing to see the two crawl out of the mouth of that can where they had been so long.

On seeing a sign reading thus, we stopped and got a most delicious drink of pure cold water. Here is the place where I lost a package of "Beeman's Peppermint Chewing Gum" and wasted ten or fifteen minutes trying "to salvage the jettisoned piece of cargo." A launch or two passed us at various points, both going and coming up the lake. Along toward three or four o'clock in the afternoon, we drew near to a long peninsula stretching, not like the "rubber neck" far out to sea, but far out into the lake. It was thickly wooded on the extremity, while it was connected with the mainland by a narrow sand bar of purest quartz sand ten feet wide at the narrowest place. We kept on around it, expecting to find a camping ground nearer Bridgton. But for two or three miles nothing but thick woods met our eyes, so we concluded to beach the Naulaka. A strong northwest-erly wind was blowing, and we rounded a



hook and landed on the beach. But as we didn't want to land the baggage on the windward side of the isthmus where it was choppy, we had either to paddle half a mile around the point and come into smooth water and land our stuff, or land where we were and taking everything out carry across the strip of sand not more than ten feet where we were and load up again. We did away with both of these ways by digging a trench across with our paddles, which took about five minutes, by far the most speedy way. Then we drew everything along a hundred yards or so and landed on a perfect beach.

Here we had water on both sides of us, and good ground for the tent stakes to hold in. We camped immediately, and made a storm door with two stalwart birch trees crossed and lashed to the tent pole and supporting one of the bag coverings. On each of the poles we lashed a flag, and made things look as if we had come to stay. A few stones rolled up served as a foundation for the stove. Some blocks and slabs of wood also served as tables. When everything had

been rigged up, it seemed as if this was to be the best and by far the most home-like of any camp so far.

We set out for Bridgton, about two miles off, where we were to stock up in the culinary line. We headed up northwest and the town we took for Bridgton hove in sight ahead. We landed at a raft, and made our way to a store to buy food. We got considerable of a stock there, excepting milk, sugar, bread and condensed milk. We got some milk of a very nice lady down a lane, and for which she wouldn't take a single cent — bless her soul. What charity you find here away from everywhere. Greed and close ness is not thought of and everyone is glad to do you a good turn.

From here we visited the Davis's and got some nice milk at a small price. Bread wasn't to be had for any price anywhere in town, as only one woman baked it, and she told me that all her bread was engaged for the next day. They said the butcher brought the bread and that luxury was a rare one. We also sent some mail home and got a *Boston Herald* and learned

the news for the past week. The Galveston storm, the wrecking of the John Endicott, etc., were horrors we regretted, but which we were interested in. Having arrived in camp we started supper, and sat up long talking over the events of the day and admiring the beautiful moon in the East till we were sleepy, and then crept beneath our blankets and forgot it.

September 11th.— Weather damp; first rainy day. At about five o'clock this morning I woke up with the old and recognized sound of rain on the tent. I turned over and listened. Yes, it was rain, and what was more it probably meant a good, wet storm as we hadn't had any rain for a long time and the ground was in great need of water. I got up and hauled the two provision boxes into the storm door we had built, out of the wet, and then fixing another cover over the tent, crept back under my blankets. Everything, as yet, was perfectly dry inside. My camp-mate, however, heard me moving and bestirred himself also, but on seeing me comfortable, laid down again and went to sleep.

We slept till twelve o'clock, as it rained hard, and then dressed. First of all we dug a trench around the tent, and then took a wet walk to the hut we had seen on arriving. It was a small wooden building, about 12 x 25 feet, one story and having a small porch with lake view. It had two rooms, with bunks, tables, stove, cupboards, chairs, etc. We peaked in through the windows and tried the door. Everything was snug and fastened. We felt as if we would be perfectly justifiable if we could get in without doing any harm to use the stove to cook our breakfast and warm ourselves, seeing we couldn't start a fire at our own "joint." We tried the window, and Norman found two nails cunningly put in loosely and securely fastening the window. We crawled in and unhooked the door. It was apparently deserted, for the time at least, and had not been used for weeks. We started a fire, shut the door to the adjoining bedroom, and sitting in the chairs, comfortably enjoying the warmth and the ruddy glow of the fire, talked of what a dull time we might have had if we

hadn't had the good fortune to run across the old camp.

After an hour or so all the dampness in the room had disappeared and it was quite healthy. We walked across the bar and lugged over the largest box of provisions. We hastily put on a pot of coffee, and ate some grape nuts and milk. During the afternoon we staid near the hut, I chopping wood and piling it on the stove to dry it, and Norman out in the Naulaka fishing for bass. He was a picture when he returned later on, just visible in the mist with a south-wester hat and coat on, paddling along so solemnly. He was the image of a picture in "Nansen's Farthest North," of a man in fur clothes paddling a Kayak.

A more desolate looking region than this part of the lake on a wet day is not possible, I think. We had a good bass broiled for supper, and I baked two large pans of corn bread in the oven of the hut stove. Besides this we fared pretty well, having roasted green corn and hot cocoa. We kept up a good fire, drying our coats and mackintoshes over it and remaining in

the camp till about nine, when we lit our lantern and vacated it for our own tent where everything was in a state of dryness, as Maine is a prohibition state. We yelled a few times for echoes, and I never saw a place that would throw back your voice as this one did. Wrapped up in sweaters, south-westers, and mackintoshes, we laid ourselves down and slept soundly and forgot the wet and damp night.



Joseph Warren Smith, Jr.

WRITTEN BY HIS COUSIN, MARLBOROUGH CHURCHILL, FOR THE
ANDOVER TOWNSMAN OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1900.

He was born in Andover on July 16, 1879. His happy childhood will always be remembered by the sisters, brothers, cousins and playmates who shared it. Those who knew him as a boy will most often recall him at work on some piece of youthful engineering. He entered into these projects with an enthusiasm as great as the manual skill with which he carried them out.

After attending the Andover public schools he entered the scientific department of Phillips academy. He was a natural musician, and with scarcely any instruction, soon became a valuable member of the school mandolin club.

After graduating with the class of 1898 he passed the summer in Europe. He looked at the cities and men of the Old World from an entirely original point of view ; his letters, and later, his verbal descriptions of what he had seen, were all stamped with his inimitable individuality. His companionship on any such journey was a privilege highly to be prized.

Before starting for Europe he had passed the examinations for the Harvard dental school. He had hardly entered into his new work before it became evident to him and to all who knew him, that he had found the one profession in which he could use to the utmost his manly dexterity and ingenuity, his enthusiasm and perseverance and his cheerful manliness. Magnetic in this as in all things, he filled with some of his own interest all with whom he talked. Every indication pointed to a highly successful career in a useful profession. But nothing could have been more foreign to his own mind than the thought of personal success. In his devotion to his work self had no part.

At the dental school he made many friends, was soon elected to the $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ fraternity and was later made its secretary. He knew nothing of popularity until the compelling force of his clean-cut manliness brought it to him. He was as free from worldly taint in word and deed and thought as one of Arthur's knights. But not only was he free from evil; he did not even recognize its existence. His purity of mind and body was unassailable.

Physical strength was on the same high plane as mental strength. In athletic contests he had little interest, but he constantly exercised himself in sports which call for

muscle, pluck and nerve. Mountain-climbing, sailing, swimming and canoeing, into all of these he entered with buoyant enthusiasm. He was an athlete in the best sense of the word.

It is a fact not altogether filled with sadness that one of these favorite sports was the indirect cause of his untimely death. On Sept. 3, six weeks after his twenty-first birthday, in the company of his room-mate, Norman Reoch, he started on a canoe trip, upon the execution of which he had set his heart. In his customary way he had thought out and talked over every detail of the course before the ice had left the rivers. The journal which was recovered after the accident, shows by his daily entries that up to the last his happiest expectations were realized.

Starting at Sebago lake, Smith and Reoch paddled up through the Songo river, Bay of Naples and Long Lake to Harrison. On Wednesday morning they were on their return trip. They had planned to return to Sebago, carry across to the Saco and finish their journey at Biddeford Pool, the Smith's summer home. The boys had not heard of the Galveston storm and knew nothing of the falling barometer. Reaching Mast Cove, near Naples, the wind freshened and the lake became choppy. Soon the canoe began to take

water badly; and the boys jumped out. By this time a high sea was running; but Mr. Charles White of Naples, saw the boys' plight and went to their assistance in another canoe at the risk of his own life. Reoch declined assistance; and White paddled towards Smith. At this point the full force of the gale struck all, overturned the boys' canoe and drove White thirty yards away. The boys were calm and so confident of their strength as swimmers that they left the canoe to recover the paddles.

Warned by White, they started back to the canoe. When within a few feet of safety, Smith suddenly ceased swimming and sank at once and without a sound. He undoubtedly suffered from severe cramp. Mr. White paddled again and again over the spot; but the poor boy never rose. With difficulty Mr. White got Reoch into his canoe and carried him ashore. In that sea, this was a feat possible only through mingled bravery, strength and skill.

The body was not recovered until Saturday morning. The funeral services at his home on Tuesday were conducted by Rev. Frederick A. Wilson, his pastor. They were affectionate and sympathetic. The music was exceptionally appropriate and beautiful. Mr. Nathaniel H. Pride played selections; and

two hymns were sung by the assembled friends.

The burial was in the family lot in the West Parish ; the commitment service was impressively simple. The bearers were J. Paul Jackson, Donald Gordon, Gordon Donald and Douglas Donald, his cousins, Norman Reoch, his room-mate, and William Drinkwater, his most intimate friend. Three other cousins and several friends and classmates were honorary bearers.

He was loving and sympathetic to old and young, to rich and poor ; and the memory of his cheery word and happy smile and the work of his skilful, ready hand are affectionately remembered in many hearts and homes—even outside the large family circle who knew and loved him best. He has passed from sight in his growing strength, full of plans for future accomplishment. We must still think of him as passing on, with those characteristics we loved and admired, into higher realms of activity.

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